

SPECIMEN PAGES

FROM

Welcoming Hymnings



BY

Rev. Robert Lowry, W. Howard Doane and Ira D. Sankey.

INCLUDING THE LAST HYMNS AND MUSIC OF THE LATE

R. P. Bliss

BIGLOW & MAIN.
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MY REDEEMER.

P. P. BLISS.

"Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with his people."—ROM. 15: 10.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re - deemer And His wond'rous love to me; On the cru - el cross He
 2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How, my lost es - tate to save, In His boundless love and

CHORUS.

suf - fered, From the curse to set me free. Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re -
 mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.

Sing, oh! sing of my Re - deem - er, Sing, oh!

deem - er, With His blood..... He purchased me,..... On the
 sing of my Redeemer, With His blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, On the

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MY REDEEMER. Concluded.

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cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the debt,..... and

cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the debt, and made me free,

Repeat pp after last verse.

made me free.....

made me free, and made me free.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

LORD, COME AWAY!

P. P. BLISS.

"He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

P. P. BLISS, arr.

1. Hand and foot are weary, Brow and eye are weary, Heart and soul are weary: Lord, come a - way!
2. Years are swiftly fly - ing, Heaven and earth are sighing, And Thy church is crying: Lord, come a - way!

3 Might the right is wronging,
Sworded millions thronging,
Earth's misrule prolonging:
Lord, come away!

4 Lonely hearts are singing,
Loyal souls are clinging
To the hope upspringing:
Lord, come away!

5 Sounds the last long thunder,
Bursts the day of wonder,
Glory, gladness, yonder:
Lord, come away!

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WELCOME TIDINGS.

A NEW COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL,

BY MESSRS.

LOWRY, DOANE AND SANKEY,

INCLUDING THE LAST HYMNS AND MUSIC OF THE LATE

Mr. P. P. BLISS.

Last Autumn an arrangement was entered into between the Publishing Houses of BIGLOW & MAIN and JOHN CHURCH & Co., by which it was proposed to issue a new collection of Sunday School Songs, under the joint Editorship of Rev. R. LOWRY, W. H. DOANE, P. P. BLISS, and IRA D. SANKEY. It was thought that this rare combination of talent would produce a Sunday School Song book that would be welcomed, not only for the uniqueness of its composite character, but as affording a single book which might be used in common by all the Sunday Schools of the country.

The awful tragedy at Ashtabula, in December last, seemed for a time to render the undertaking impracticable. It was known that Mr. BLISS had made careful preparation in part for the new book, but it was feared that most of his papers had been destroyed in the fatal train in which he himself perished. When subsequently it was discovered that a number of his unpublished hymns and tunes were in the hands of his friends, it was proposed that the original arrangement should be carried out in all possible respects, and that Mr. BLISS' part of the book be edited in the interest of his orphan children. The surviving editors cheerfully consented, and agreed that the little boys should receive the largest proportion of the copyright accruing from the sale of the book.

All the manuscripts and unpublished songs of Mr. BLISS were placed at their disposal. The best and most available of these have been incorporated in "Welcome Tidings." In addition to this new material, selections ap-

propriate for Sunday School use have been freely made from former publications of Mr. BLISS. Care has been taken to use nothing that has already become so familiar that to insert it in this book would seem to be a needless repetition. **No book contains a greater variety of Songs of the lamented singer.**

Rev. R. LOWRY and W. H. DOANE contribute many of the choicest of the songs they have been carefully preparing for the last two years.

Mr. IRA D. SANKEY, in addition to several excellent original songs, gives the benefit of his experience in many valuable selections.

Contributions from other well known authors, never before brought together in any one book, add materially to the value of **"Welcome Tidings."** The following list of writers will show the variety and worth of the contents of the book:

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CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

R. L.

"For he careth for you."—1 PET. 5: 7.

R. LOWRY.

1. Is there trouble in your life? Cast your care on Je - sus; Is there weakness in the strife?
 2. Do you doubt His ho - ly word? Cast your care on Je - sus; Do you mourn your ab - sent Lord?
 3. Have you darkness when you pray? Cast your care on Je - sus; Does the answer long de - lay?
 4. Has the Saviour lost His charm? Cast your care on Je - sus; Do you miss the sheltering arm?

CHORUS.

Cast your care on Je - sus. He bore it all for you, He bore it all for you—
 Cast your care on Je - sus.
 Cast your care on Je - sus.
 Cast your care on Je - sus.

Sin and sorrow, suffering too, Cast it all on Je - sus.

5 Though your heart is full of ill,
 Cast your care on Jesus;
 There is One who loves you still
 Cast your care on Jesus.

6 Now return to mercy's door,
 Cast your care on Jesus;
 Love and joy will come once more,
 Cast your care on Jesus.

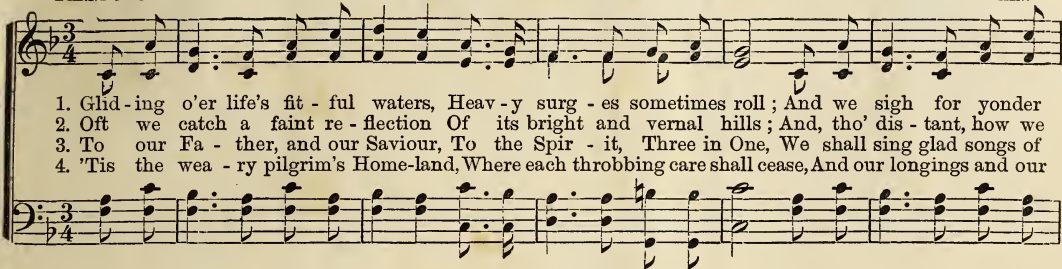
BLESSED HOME-LAND.

25

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"There remaineth * * * a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

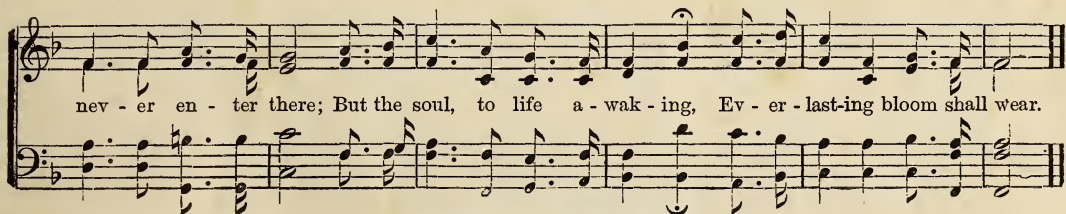


1. Glid-ing o'er life's fit - ful waters, Heav-y surg - es sometimes roll; And we sigh for yonder
 2. Oft we catch a faint re - flection Of its bright and vernal hills; And, tho' dis - tant, how we
 3. To our Fa - ther, and our Saviour, To the Spir - it, Three in One, We shall sing glad songs of
 4. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease, And our longings and our

REFRAIN.



ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul. Bless - ed Home-land, ev - er fair! Sin can
 hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
 tri - umph When our har - vest work is done.
 yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.



nev - er en - ter there; But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last-ing bloom shall wear.

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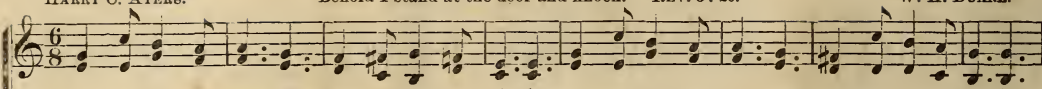
WHY WAITEST THOU?

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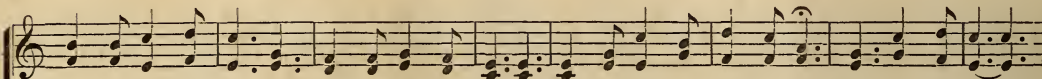
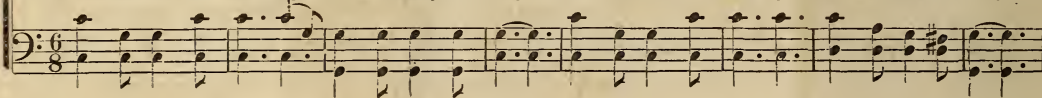
HARRY C. AYERS.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

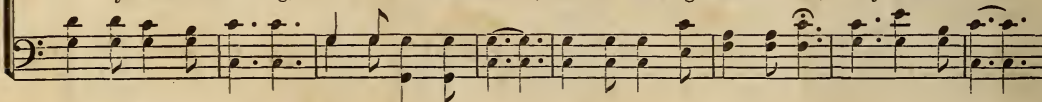
W. H. DOANE.



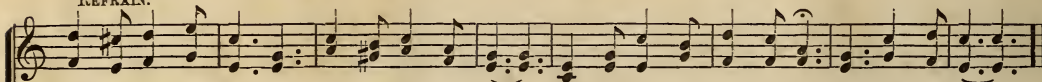
1. One there is who loves thee, Waiting still for thee; Canst Thou yet re-ject Him? None so kind as He.
2. Ten - der-ly He woos thee, Do not slight His call; Tho' thy sins are ma - ny, He'll forgive them all.
3. Je - sus still is wait-ing; Sinner, why de - lay? To His arms of mer - cy Rise and haste a - way.



Do not grieve Him longer, Come and trust Him now; He has waited all thy days, Why waitest thou?
 Turn to Him re - pent-ing, He will cleanse thee now; He is waiting at thy heart, Why waitest thou?
 On - ly come believ - ing, He will save thee now; He is waiting at the door, Why waitest thou?



REFRAIN.



Still His love would save thee, O receive Him now; He has waited all the day, Why waitest thou?



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